MS11331

LONDON

WIGMORE HALL, WIGMORE STREET, W.

The Society of Women Musicians.

92, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

Invitation Concert

IN AID OF

THE MUSICIANS' APPEAL FOR THE Y.M.C.A.

Wednesday Afternoon, 24th April, 1918,

at 5-15 for 5-30.

PROGRAMME AND WORDS OF SONGS.

The following Artistes have very kindly given their services:—

Mr. WILLIAM ACKROYD.

Mr. GEORGE BAKER.

Mr. HAROLD E. DARKE.

Mr. CHARLES DRAPER.

Mme. AMINA GOODWIN.

Miss OLGA HALEY.

Mme. LILY HENKEL.

Miss GRAINGER KERR.

Mr. W. E. WHITEHOUSE.

THE CHORISTERS OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH

(By kind permission of Dr. Walford Davies).

At the Piano: Mr. HAROLD E. DARKE.

Mrs. EDWARD HALEY.

Madame LILY HENKEL.

Miss MABEL RUTLAND.

Programme and Words of Songs.

NOTE.—This Concert consists entirely of works by Composers who are on Active Service, or who have fallen in the War, but the number of such Composers is so large that it is impossible to represent them all in one programme.

PART SONGS ... Slumber Songs of the Madonna ... *Colin Taylor*

a. In the Warm Blue Summer Weather.

b. Sleep, Little Baby.

THE CHORISTERS OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH
(By kind permission of Dr. WALFORD DAVIES).

Conductor, Mr. HAROLD E. DARKE.

COLIN TAYLOR studied at the Royal College of Music, and subsequently held an important post as music master at Eton College. He volunteered very soon after the outbreak of War, and holds a commission in the Royal Sussex Regiment.

a. In the warm blue summer weather
We shall laugh and love together:
I shall watch my baby growing,
I shall guide his feet,
When the orange trees are blowing,
And the winds are heavy and sweet.

When the orange orchards whiten
I shall see his great eyes brighten,
To watch the long-legged camels going
Up the twisted street,
When the orange-trees are blowing
And the winds are heavy and sweet.

Alfred Noyes.

b. Sleep, little baby, I love thee, I love thee;
Sweet, little king, I am bending above thee!
How should I know what to sing, what to sing,
Here in my arms as I swing thee to sleep?

Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,
Mother has only a kiss for her king!
Why should my singing so make me to weep?
Only I know that I love thee, I love thee.

Alfred Noyes.

(From "Poems" by Alfred Noyes, by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons).

TRIO IN G SHARP MINOR (M.S.) ... ... *Willie B. Manson*

(For Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello).

Andante, leading to Adagio.
Allegro agitato.

MME. AMINA GOODWIN,
MESSRS. WILLIAM ACKROYD AND W. E. WHITEHOUSE.

WILLIE B. MANSON was born in New Zealand, and came to England in 1912. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and after only four terms was appointed Sub-Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint. In January, 1916, he joined the London Scottish as a private, went to France four months later, and was killed on July 1st, 1916—his twentieth birthday. The Trio, in G sharp minor, of which two movements are played to-day, was left incomplete, only fragments of the third movement being in existence.

SONGS ... *a.* When I was One-and-Twenty } *George S. K. Butterworth.*
b. The Lads in their Hundreds }
c. Aghadoe ... ... *F. S. Kelly.*

MISS GRAINGER KERR.

At the Piano: Mme. LILY HENKEL.

GEORGE S. K. BUTTERWORTH was educated at Eton College and Trinity College, Oxford. He also studied for a time at the Royal College of Music. Immediately after war was declared he joined the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry as a private, and subsequently was offered a commission in the Durham Light Infantry. Lieut. BUTTERWORTH was abroad on active service with his battalion for a year, and was killed on the Somme on August 4th, 1916, after successfully taking an enemy trench.

F. S. KELLY was born in Sydney, New South Wales, and educated at Eton College, and Balliol, Oxford. Besides distinguishing himself as a pianist, he became a famous oar, and won the Diamond Sculls at Henley for three years in succession. After leaving Oxford he studied composition under Knorr at Frankfort. Later he came to London and gave recitals and concerts. He enlisted in the Royal Naval Division, served through the Dardanelles Expedition, and was wounded. Afterwards he was sent to France, where he was killed on November 13th, 1916.

a.

When I was one-and-twenty,
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty,
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

A. E. Housman.

b.

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell,
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

A. E. Housman.

From "A Shropshire Lad"

c.

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
Where we met, my love and I, Love's fair planet in the sky,
O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe;
Where I hid him from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies,
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

O, my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
On Shaun Dhu, my mother's son in Aghadoe!
When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be in your mouth,
For the treachery you did in Aghadoe!

For they track'd me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe,
O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with food,
Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
There he lay, the head, my breast keeps the warmth of where 'twould rest,
Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe!

I walk'd to Mallow town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe;
Then I covered him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn;
Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O, to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe!
There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
Sure your dog for you could die, with no truer heart than I,
Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

John Todhunter.

SOLOS for Clarinet and Piano—

a. Pastorale (M.S.) ... *Arthur E. D. Bliss*
b. Scherzo (M.S.) ... *Arthur L. Benjamin*

MR. CHARLES DRAPER AND MME. LILY HENKEL.

ARTHUR BLISS studied at the Royal College of Music and at Cambridge; he joined the Army soon after the outbreak of war, and became Captain in the Royal Fusiliers. Served in France for some time, and was wounded. He has now been transferred to the Grenadier Guards.

ARTHUR BENJAMIN comes from Australia. In 1912 he won a Composition Scholarship at the Royal College of Music, which he laid aside to join the Army in January, 1915. He obtained a commission in the Royal Fusiliers, and went to France in May, 1916, serving all through the Somme and Ypres offensive, and being promoted a Captain. He has recently been transferred to the Royal Air Force.

SONGS (M.S.) ... *a.* For G (All Night under the Moon)
b. On Wenlock Edge ... ...
c. Severn Meadows ... ...
d. Captain Stratton's Fancy ... ...
(First performance in public of all four Songs).
... *Ivor Gurney.*

MR. GEORGE BAKER.

At the Piano: MR. HAROLD E. DARKE.

IVOR GURNEY was born at Gloucester, educated at Gloucester Cathedral Choir School, and subsequently won a Composition Scholarship at the Royal College of Music in 1911, which he laid aside to join the Gloucester Regiment as a private in February, 1915. He went to France in May, 1916; was on the Somme; was wounded in April, 1917, and gassed in the Ypres sector, September, 1917. Of the songs given to-day, "On Wenlock Edge" was composed last June when on the march with the battalion at the Front; and "Severn Meadows" dates from April, 1917, and the desolated region of France. It is a setting of a poem of the composer's own, which appeared in his recently-published volume of poems, "Severn and Somme."

a.

All night under the moon
Plovers are flying,
Over the dreaming meadows of silvery light,
Over the meadows of June,
Flying and crying—
Wandering voices of love in the hush of the [night.

All night under the moon,
Love, though we're lying
Quietly under the thatch, in silvery light,
Over the meadows of June
Together we're flying—
Rapturous voices of love in the hush of the [night.

Wilfred Wilson Gibson.

From "Friends" (Elkin Matthews, Cork Street, W.)
By kind permission of Author and Publisher.

b.

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble,
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger,
When Uricon the city stood:
'Tis the old wind in the old hanger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare;
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high;
The tree of man was never quiet:
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double;
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone;
To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

From "A Shropshire Lad,"
By A. E. Housman.

c.

Only the wanderer
Knows England's graces,
Or can anew see clear
Familiar faces.

And who loves joy as he
That dwells in shadows?
Do not forget me quite,
O Severn meadows.

Ivor Gurney.

From "Severn and Somme"
(By kind permission of Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.)

d.

Oh, some are fond of red wine, and some are fond of white,
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight;
But rum alone's the darling and the heart's delight
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are for the lily, and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows;
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to paint my copper nose,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some that's sad and wretched folk go round in silken suits;
And there's a host of wicked rogues that live in good reputes;
But I'm for drinking honestly and dying in my boots,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

John Masefield.

From "Salt-Water Ballads"
(Elkin Matthews, Cork Street, W.)
By kind permission of Author and Publisher.

Miss KATHARINE EGGAR, Organising Secretary of the Musicians' Y.M.C.A. Appeal to provide additional musical facilities in the Huts and Centres of the Y.M.C.A. at home and abroad, will say a few words on the object of the Appeal

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PART SONG (M.S.) ... A Dirge ... *William H. Harris, D.Mus., Oxon.*

The CHORISTERS OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

Conductor, Mr. Harold E. Darke.

William H. Harris held an Organ Scholarship at the Royal College of Music, and became organist at several important churches in London in succession. Subsequently he became Assistant Organist at Lichfield Cathedral and Organist of St. Augustine's, Edgbaston, which posts he held concurrently at the time when he joined the army; and he was also on the teaching staff of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. He is now a private in the Artists Rifles.

A Dirge.

(Sung by an old Scotch woman going to lay out two drowned little boys).

I bring you a pillow,
  O little dead soul,
Of thyme and green grasses;
I bring you a winding-sheet,
  Little dead soul,
Of mist from the passes.
A fair linen napkin
  I lay on your head,
Bleached white in the light
  That the harvest moon shed,
And set the tall tapers
  To burn by the bed,
And chant holy masses.

I wash you in goat's milk,
  Oh little dead soul,
From pastures so sunny.
I sweeten your pale bitter mouth, little soul,
With red wine and honey.
A platter of salt now I give you to hold,
And comb the death-damps from your ringlets of gold,
And lay on your eye-lids so silent and cold
  A fair piece of money.

But whither and whither, and where, little soul,
  Through silence benumbing?
A little white bee are you now, little soul,
  To God's hive a-humming!
But may Virgin Mary and Jesus her Son,
The Spirit and Father, the dread Three in One,
With Blessed Saint Peter and holy Saint John,
  Await you at coming.

SONGS ... (*a*) Brittany ... ... } ... *Ernest Farrar*
(*b*) Song of St. Francis (M.S.) . ... }
(*c*) Dream-Tryst (M.S.) ... ... } *W. Denis Browne*
(First performance in public.)
(*d*) To Gratiana Dancing and Singing (M.S.) }

Miss OLGA HALEY.

At the Piano, Mrs. Edward Haley.

Ernest B. Farrar won a Composition Scholarship at the Royal College of Music in 1905, and subsequently held important posts as organist in South Shields and Harrogate. He joined the army in August, 1916, as a private in the Grenadier Guards, and now holds a commission in the Devonshire Regiment.

W. Denis Browne came of a well-known Irish family. He was educated at Rugby, and was a Classical Scholar of Clare College, Cambridge. He became Assistant Music Master at Repton, and later was Organist at Guy's Hospital. After the outbreak of war he joined the Royal Naval Division with his friend, Rupert Brooke, the poet, and took part in the Antwerp Expedition. He was sent to the Dardanelles, and killed in action June 7th, 1915. His song, "To Gratiana," is based upon an anonymous "Almain" from Elizabeth Rogers' Virginal Book in the British Museum, which was used in the incidental music at the Milton Tercentenary performance of "Comus" at Cambridge in 1908, in which he himself took part.

a. In Brittany the churches
  All day are open wide,
That anyone who wishes to
  May pray or rest inside.
The priests have rusty cassocks,
  The priests have shaven chins,
And poor old bodies go to them
  With lists of little sins.

In Brittany the churches
  Are cool, and white, and quaint,
With here and there a crucifix,
  And here and there a saint;
And here and there a little shrine,
  With candles short or tall,
That Bretons light for love of Him,
  The Lord who loveth all.

E. V. Lucas.

b. There was a knight of Bethlehem
  Whose wealth was tears and sorrows;
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
  His trumpeters the sparrows.

His castle was a wooden cross,
  On which He hung so high;
His helmet was a crown of thorns,
  Whose crest did touch the sky.

Maughan.

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Plovers are flying,
Over the dreaming meadows of silvery light,
Over the meadows of June,
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Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

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Owing to indisposition Mr. GEORGE BAKER

is unable to sing.

Mr. FREDERICK TAYLOR

has kindly consented to take his place, at

very short notice.

SONGS ... (*a*) Brittany ... ... } ... *Ernest Farrar*
(*b*) Song of St. Francis (M.S.) ... }
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His trumpeters the sparrows.

His castle was a wooden cross,
On which He hung so high;
His helmet was a crown of thorns,
Whose crest did touch the sky.

Maughan.

c. The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the eastern Heaven :
Throbbing with unheard melody,
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven :
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey ;
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine ;
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
Who with the past meet girt about ;
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.

Francis Thompson.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Burns & Oates.)

d. See, with what constant motion,
Even and glorious as the sun,
Gratiana steers that noble frame ;
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice,
That gave each winding law and poise,
And swifter than the wings of Fame.

Each step trod out a lover's thought,
And the ambitious hopes he brought,
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts,
Such sweet command and gentle awe,
As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw,
The floor lay paved with broken hearts.

So did she move, so did she sing,
Like the harmonious spheres that bring
Unto their rounds their music's aid,
Which she performed in such a way
As all the enamoured world will say,
"The Graces danc'd and Apollo play'd!"

Lovelace.

VIOLONCELLO SOLO ... Five Short Pieces ... *F. Purcell Warren*

1. An Absent One.
2. A little Cradle Song.
3. Whims.
4. So seems it in my Deep Regret.
5. A Sunday Evening in Autumn.

MR. W. E. WHITEHOUSE.

At the Piano, MISS MABEL RUTLAND.

FRANCIS PURCELL WARREN won a Violin Scholarship at the Royal College of Music in 1910. Very soon after war was declared he volunteered for the army, and served as a private, subsequently obtaining a commission as second lieutenant in the South Lancashire Regiment. He was in France for some time. In July, 1916, he was reported missing, and is now believed to have been killed in action.

PART SONG ... ... Sound Sleep ... *R. Vaughan Williams*

THE CHORISTERS OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

Conductor, MR. HAROLD E. DARKE.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS was educated at Charterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge, and took the degrees of Mus.B., the B.A., and Mus.D. Also studied at the Royal College of Music, and worked both in Germany and France for a time. A few months after war was declared he joined the R.A.M.C. as a private, and served in France and Salonica. He now holds a commission in the R.G.A. in France.

Some are laughing, some are weeping ;
She is sleeping, only sleeping ;
Round her rest wild flowers are creeping ;
There the wind is heaping, heaping
Sweetest sweets of Summer's keeping,
By the corn-fields ripe for reaping.

There are lilies, and there blushes
The deep rose, and there the thrushes
Sing till latest sunlight flushes
In the west ; a fresh wind brushes
Through the leaves while evening hushes.

There by day the lark is singing,
And the grass and weeds are springing ;
There by night the bat is winging ;
There for ever winds are bringing
Far-off chimes of church-bells ringing.

Night and morning, noon and even,
Their sound fills her dreams with heaven ;
The long strife at length is striven,
Till her grave-bands shall be riven,
Such is the good portion given
To her soul at rest and shriven.

Christina G. Rossetti.